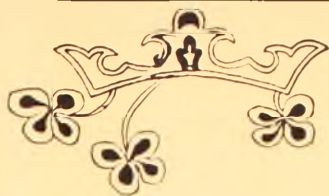


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EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE.

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EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE, EDITOR.

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Life and Death

AN EASTERN subscriber writes the following personal letter. She asks some very pertinent questions that may be of interest to most Path-Finder readers:

MR. EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE,—*Dear Sir*:—I have been very busy thinking lately and so wish to ask you a few questions.

You say that you believe in reincarnation and also that if we do not fulfill all the laws of life before death we must come back to earth to again strive to reach the God standard; and you also say that the sinners who die do not reach the place Most Holy. Then these unholy must be between earth and heaven. You also say that they influence the people on earth, such as spiritualists and the mediumistic of which the world is full.

Now, I believe very much as you do, but what becomes of those people who come on earth and never do amount to anything? Some have ready wit but seem to sin greatly, but are ever committing small sins. They never create good nor help to create anything, but always stand ready to help themselves to all

that they can get from the ready prepared, and it does not matter to them whence it comes nor how. Surely such people could not go where the spiritual go, yet should they be placed with the very wicked?

Do you think that our God made class distinctions between the children of men? Do not all people grow together in the other land like the wheat and tares on earth until the harvest?

It is true that we know nothing of the Beyond, but as all kinds of people pass over the line it sets one to thinking and as you will say, asking questions. I read this one's ideas and that one's opinion and the comments of those who profess no ideas, and it makes me think of Robert Ingersoll. He was called to attend the funeral of a small child and he prayed to God to console the weeping mother. After the services someone said, "Mr. Ingersoll, I thought that you did not believe that there was a God." "I do not," he replied, "But I had a mother, and if there is a heaven she is there; if there is a God, she is with him, and I shall meet her there. And, friend, it is better to admit what you do not know than to deny life or death. Death we have just seen; life is all about us; the road of speculation is a hard one to travel, so let common sense lead you and travel according to your own beliefs."

Now, Mr. Conable, what is common sense and what are our beliefs? Is it of any account what one believes if one must always be encountering contrary beliefs? And again, what is "common sense," for what is common sense to one is folly to another. I compare your ideas with Atkinson's, Edgar Mason's, Mrs. Wilmans', Eddy's, Shelton's and all those noted writers; and while they all seem to express different ideas, nevertheless they all seem aiming at the same mark, yet none of them seem certain. It all seems conjecture; so where do we stand? Your ideas seem nearer right and appeal to reason, but even I can see where your

determination to see compels you to draw wrong conclusions. So please tell me where we stand, or, friend Conable, shall we try to look at ideas as John Alexander Dowie does, "It does not matter about belief if it is only the 'Secnd Elijah.'"

Those about me are all taken up with self and all have so many complaints that nothing but medicine and a doctor can help, and I feel like a lone tree on a deserted lawn which can only bend when the fierce winds of earthly discontent blow about me. I have my own mind and ideas, but I dare not voice them, nor do I care to enter into any controversy with those who are much younger and stronger. I am old enough to be your mother and were my dear son alive, he would be older than you claim to be, so please pardon the liberty I take.

I hope that you are sleeping out of doors and that the night breezes are whispering enchanting ideas of great note into your listening ear for the benefit of the Path-Finders.

Please continue to send the Path-Finder when the year closes, for how can I pass the time when the long cold winter comes, if Path-Finder comes not to cheer?

How I wish I could pass the rest of my life, let it be long or short, among the fruit trees and flowers of California, and there live as you and your students live; then, as I have already proved in a way, I could see this tired body re-create itself, as I enjoyed the sweets of Nature; yet I often feel that I have lived in another world, I am so far from my ideals of what seems right. If we have nothing but what we attract to ourselves, I cannot see why I am here. It is not what I ever wished, but there is something that holds me that I cannot control, and my other self says "stay," and perhaps I am a willing slave. Is it something lacking in my brain? I would like to know. If it is fear, why cannot I crowd it up against the doorpost and pass into the secret chamber, as the man did the dweller on the threshold in Bulwer Lytton's occult book, "Zanoni?"

I certainly *do* believe in reincarnation and there is no question as to the underlying truth of this belief. But

let me change the phraseology of this statement: I *know* that reincarnation is a *fact*. The word "belief" is too negative in its significance to be employed in this connection.

Reincarnation means that the Ego—the Divine life within us—re-enters another physical body in due course of time to further its experiences in the process of evolutionary growth. Every grain of sand, every blade of grass, every crawling worm and every insect, so on up to man in his highest state of growth, contains a Spark of Eternal Life—an Ego—which goes out of the material formation when no more experiences are to be had. As one material body is laid aside, another is attracted—some at once; others in the course of hundreds of years, owing to conditions and the state of development of this Divine Spark of Life. In the mineral and vegetable substances we refer to the Living Principle therein as the "Divine Spark of Life." As animate growth is reached there is a marvelous change of exalted unfoldment, continuing with great strides upward. This will go on until the Ego attracts such a perfected encasement that what we now call death will no longer be a necessity.

It is to this state of physical growth and perfection that Conable's Path-Finder would direct the race; or such of it as is ready to receive the higher truths affecting life's growth.

No truth is ever attracted by us until we are ready to receive such truth. When we fail to comprehend the simple laws of life it is because our intellect is clouded over by physical obstructions. It is because the body is too imperfect for the Ego to bring its knowledge and wisdom to our physical consciousness; hence we are doubters and scoffers. Because we cannot see and feel certain things we think they do not exist; and we get the impression that the other fellow who *does* know a thing or two, is either a fool or a candidate for a lunatic asylum.

Let me tell you something, friends, and I believe I have stated it before in these columns—no one who possesses brains will ever go to an insane asylum. Neither the doubter nor the man on the street who calls you a crank will ever go to an insane asylum. The brain power of such is inadequate to recognize a spir-

itual truth no matter in what form it may be presented to them.

Give me the man with brains enough to go insane if he wishes to and you can have all the fools in the world. The proper significance of the word fool is, one who is an unbeliever.

When the astral body leaves the physical it is attracted to a plane in harmony with its state of development. If the astral has gone out of the body of a professional thief or murderer, it will be attracted to the plane where murderers and thieves reside, there to remain until greater enlightenment comes to it. If the astral goes out with an unsatisfied appetite for intoxicating drinks and lusts of various kinds, it will be attracted to the plane of the drunkard and luster, there to remain until such time as these desires are dissipated. Those of us who live so-called decent, but in different lives, will wind up on the plane that is in harmony with the lives we have lived here on earth, there to remain until we become conscious of our faults and omissions and ready to take a step higher. Those of us who have lived highly spiritual lives here in the flesh will proceed to a plane where the real "angels" dwell, there to remain until further experiences here on earth are demanded, when we return and invest another physical body. In other words, the living entities on the "other side" are classified. The angels and murderers do not dwell together.

In physical life we do not associate with criminals unless we desire to. We do not associate with the saloon follower unless we desire to. We do not associate with "church" people unless the desire is within us. We do not prostitute our bodies unless we desire to, or live in and patronize houses of prostitution unless our physical inclinations run that way. So it is "over there." As stated before, we are attracted to a plane that is in perfect harmony with our physical existence here in the flesh.

Nothing could be simpler, could it? Nothing could be more just, could it?

Each individual has a different way of working out his or her own "salvation," as our church friends call it. Some of us take a round-about way through the penitentiary; others by the pulpit route; others in cutting up animal or human

bodies, or in drugging our fellows to death; others to the gambling house; others to various and varied business and professional pursuits to which they are attracted; but in the final summing up—in the great finale—we shall all land in the same place. This is when "Judgment Day" comes. Judgment Day means the hour when we shall come to the supreme consciousness that we are One with the great Creative Force of the Universe, which builds nothing that is destructible, and we so regulate our lives that every atom of our whole being overflows with a love that "knows no father, no mother, no brother, no sister," but is universal and unchangeable in its scope.

That is what the "Day of Judgment" means and nothing else.

"Our God" does *not* make "class distinctions between the children of men." Man himself is responsible for all existing class distinctions, both here and hereafter. Life is like a graded school. We keep going up and up just as fast as we perfect ourselves in the lower grades. Those who stand at the head of the class always travel the fastest. The production of imperfect physical structures is alone responsible for the slow growth of the race. It is impossible for the Ego to send forth its knowledge through an imperfect physical body. Intellect and intelligence is nothing more nor less than the Ego speaking through the physical mechanism of the individual. When this mechanism is dense and clouded over, or is imperfectly constructed, then the Ego cannot come into manifestation except in an imperfect way. We call such people dull and stupid. Had we been brought into the world with absolutely perfect physical bodies—all the mechanism perfect—none of us would ever have to attend any sort of a school for a moment. We already possess all the knowledge that has been given to the Ego through all past ages, and the only reason we cannot give out this great knowledge and bring it into external manifestation, is simply because of the imperfection of the physical medium through which the Ego finds voice.

Now, this simplifies the whole thing. This places the status of all growth on a plane where the feeblest intellect can understand what requirements are

needed to produce a "world Saviour;" what requirements are needed to produce a so-called phenomenal intellect; what requirements are needed to make ourselves something far greater in giant intellectual power and spiritual unfoldment than has ever been recorded in the past, not excepting Jesus of Nazareth.

The ability to see and know depends largely, first, upon the physical perfection of our ancestry, and, second, upon the building up of our own desires to reach the greatest heights attainable.

Ninety-nine per cent. of the begetters of children are criminals. They stamp themselves as criminals for having reproduced their kind. The physical body through which the Ego cannot give full expression is a monstrosity. It must die and be buried where its odors neither taint nor stifle.

It availeth us little to wrestle and wrangle with "beliefs." The thing for us is to *know*, and we cannot find out the truth from any source except through the medium of the God-power vested within ourselves.

What do I care what any one else believes? What should any one care what beliefs their neighbors indulge in? When I want to *know* a thing I go to the proper source of knowledge. I don't spend my time trying to find out what this one or that one believes. When we do this we are always filled with uncertainties. It is only the negative character that wants to feed upon his neighbor's pasture. He has failed to properly fertilize his own soil—to seek the real light whence it comes.

It is *not* true that we "know nothing of the Beyond." Many there are who know a great deal, comparatively speaking, concerning the life immediately following physical death. The Ego possesses all the knowledge it has gained through past experiences, both on the earth and astral planes. With a highly developed physical body, this knowledge is brought into externalization. The physical consciousness is in possession of it. In other words the thing we call memory is in full possession of the record of the past—in whole or in part, according to the degree to which physical perfection has been developed.

When I talk about physical perfection and developing the body, I do not mean mere physical development such as ath-

letics give one. I refer to the training of every atom of the body into the consciousness that all life, directly or indirectly, springs from the same source. This being a fact, we must—you and I—all of us—must be in touch with the Infinite processes of creating and of creation.

We know (I know) that we are created in duplicate, so to speak; that we possess an internal and an external body, and that these bodies may be separated under certain conditions. The internal body, or the soul, can and does withdraw from the physical body whenever the latter fails to satisfy its demands or its requirements. Again, the internal body may temporarily withdraw from the physical and go on a tour of inspection, leaving the physical body in an unconscious state during its absence, though the two are still connected by infinitesimal and imperceptible (to the physical eye) ligaments of life. So long as these threads remain intact the body may be again brought into consciousness, but as soon as these cords are severed, death is instantaneous. Whenever there is physical unconsciousness the Ego is always out of the body. As a rule, when the Ego is out of the body, and the ligaments of life are still intact, the physical is made conscious of what takes place—is conscious of the experiences the Ego passes through during its temporary absence.

Personally speaking, I have seen my own body lying in the street after a serious accident, having been thrown out of a cart head first between a horse's hind feet and kicked ten feet distant from the cart. I (the astral entity) deliberately took possession of the body and sat up in the road. Several persons assisted me to climb into the cart again. I was a pretty bad wreck at the time, but the next morning I took up my usual round of duties. The astral floated around in the air for some moments. It was filled with the thought that I would be seriously injured when I alighted, but as I neared the earth there was considerable surprise that the alighting was so gentle—like a feather falling. When the physical came to its senses the whole experience was vividly before me, and it is to this day, an experience that I would not exchange for all in life that I have ever seen or heard. For a great many

years I have been psychic enough to see many things, but this was the first convincing proof which had come to me, personally, of the duality of life and absolute certainty of a future existence. I was convinced of all this before, but I wanted to *know* so badly that I attracted the accident, so-called, which made everything plain to me. The physical experiences no pain nor suffering during the unconscious state. The blow that struck me was not felt. The Ego stepped out before the physical was made conscious of what had occurred. The body that is knocked senseless by a railway train or from other cause, knows nothing about it. There is no pain or suffering to the physical senses. It is the easiest thing in the world to die. It is the hardest thing in the world to live. We cannot live and violate any of the laws of life. It is the hardest thing to live because, with these corrupted physical bodies, the task is a superhuman one. With a perfected natural body, it is impossible to die. The Ego will not desert perfection. It is in search of a permanent abiding place. When the physical fails to furnish such a habitation, then there is trouble—always has been and ever will be.

Referring to the last portion of the above communication I will say a word: The environment thrust upon the offspring by parental prostitution is the crowning sin of the race. The years during which we are compelled to hover on the brink of the grave, knowing that we cannot save this corrupt, old body, is enough to drive us to madness. Yet the Ego carries on and on, seemingly perfectly indifferent to the sufferings of the body. It takes years of research in the realm of the "unseen" to understand why our bodies are so persistently crucified. In most cases we are reaping the "fruits" of an ignorant, licentious ancestry. "The sins of the parents are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation," and so on until enlightenment comes to the race.

We must suffer and be damned in the face of the fact that we are earnestly and consciously striving to live the cleanest and purest of lives.

From a purely physical standpoint this seems all wrong and unjust. From a higher standpoint we know that exact

justice is always meted out to the children of men.

Now, my dear friend, we must all be philosophers. There is but one way to look at life and that is from an optimistic standpoint. So long as this body is animated and is in motion you must know that the time has not come for you to make a change. You must leave the whole solution of the problem to the inner consciousness. You must recognize that the Inner Self is in possession of all the knowledge and wisdom of which the physical is in search. Take it into your confidence; love it; court it as one would woo a sweetheart. Counsel with it at all times. Lay all your trouble at its feet. *Trust it.*

Do this and soon you will be among the wisest of your kind.

The Chance of a Lifetime

THE following letter is self-explanatory:

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE,—*Dear Sir:*—I do not know how you will characterize this letter—probably as a "plaintive wail of a lonesome soul," or something like that, but be that as it may, I am sure I shall, in laying bare this good-sized section of my heart, also uncover the "tender spot," in the hearts of others, as well. I take it for granted that my experience is something altogether unknown to you, as you have progressed to the point where you no longer feel the need of a kindred other half, but there be plenty of us who have not yet reached that point in evolution, and for myself and my comrades on the same plane of development, I speak these words, which may possibly sound trivial to you, possibly not. I hope not.

"My plaint is this: I am a woman of that age which is well described as mature, that is, getting along toward,—well, past thirty. I am an earnest student of life, and its mysteries and laws, but am marooned in a new country where the people have no time to think of anything but the accumulation of dollars, and are in too much of a hurry to stop and talk or think of anything else. I do not mean that there are not bright people here, and educated people, but they do not take any especial interest in anything else than their business. And so, I find myself mental-

ly very much alone, and grow desperately hungry for companionship on my own plane of thought and feeling. I grow more and more shut up in my shell, and on that account I do not develop as I should and would, if I had the association and companionship of minds studying along the same lines. Moreover (and this I speak very low indeed), one might possibly find one's soul mate, or other half, somewhere, if one could meet the right kind of people, you know. And I despair of finding that particular being here. Now, the question is, how am I to come in contact with people who are interested in the same subjects and questions and lines of thought as myself? I do not quite feel that I could write to people whom I have never seen and explain my deplorable loneliness, nor can I advertise in the much-decried matrimonial agencies, and state that I would be glad to make the acquaintance of a gentleman born in some of the fire or air triplicities (myself being Sagittarius born), with the further statement that "the object was acquaintance and possibly matrimony."

It is true that I believe very strongly in the law of attraction, and that we ought to be strong enough to bring our own to us, in all good time, but thus far, I have not been quite able to perform this feat in its satisfactory entirety. I like to believe that I am mightily independent, and all that, but I also have to admit that my wings have not as yet developed pinions strong enough to carry my astral form to some other section of the universe and reveal myself to some unknown friends. Neither have I been able to send telepathic currents and advise kindred spirits (to me personally unknown) that I am in existence. I have sometimes thought of undertaking to organize some sort of correspondence club among readers of your magazine, and others of New Thought tendencies, but have not known quite how to go about it, so have made no attempt in that direction. Besides, most people have plenty of business of their own to which to attend, though I should be very glad if I could in any way lend a helping hand to anyone who is studying on lines of higher thought, and still believe that a correspondence club might be made the means

of much assistance to the fledgelings. But how is one to go about letting said fledgelings know that one would gladly correspond with them, helpfully intent? And how is one going to try to find some desirable gentleman of brains and heart, born in some of the fire or air triplicities? (None other need apply.) Do you take in the situation?

"I am thirty-five years old. I was married at twenty to a man on whom I lavished all the idolatry of a romantic girl's heart, but I found my idol had feet of clay, and after ten years of misery, obtained legal separation. The only trouble was that we are magnetically antagonistic, and very nearly wrecked both mind and body of each before we had the courage to separate. My former husband is a resident of your city of Los Angeles, and I really envy him the privilege. But with a heart full of longing for the love and protection of my soul's other half, who must exist somewhere, I am still alone. I believe that I have a right to love and happiness; that Nature gives me this right, and I believe that somewhere the man exists who belongs to me and I to him, but I have not as yet been able to locate him. This is my plaint. Can you, in your greatness of heart (I know whereof I speak when I say this, for I have read your magazine three or four years), can you offer any suggestion as to how to proceed to get in touch with people who are students in the higher lines of thought, and who would care to know of me? I come to you with this, because I believe your suggestions will be good.

"You have progressed to the point, long ago, where you do not feel the need of companionship in this way, as you are a world unto yourself. But surely your heart is large enough and kind enough to understand me as I wish to be understood, in all sincerity.

"If you can possibly find the time, I should appreciate a letter from you, very much. If not, a wee hint—just a wee one—in your magazine, will be next best.

"And now, I thank you for having taken the time to read this, and I also thank you in advance for whatever help you may offer or suggest.

"In all sincerity,

— — — — —"

The editor of this magazine can vouch for the splendid character of the writer of the above, though he has never seen her. He has, however, known her through correspondence for a long time. She is unquestionably a beautiful character—too good for any man who has not demonstrated that he stands a hundred miles above his average fellow-man.

This woman has been attracted to this magazine for assistance along the lines she indicates. The very fact that she has not attracted a companion to herself before is evidence that greater growth was needed in the solitude of her own chamber—where no man entereth.

The sort of man of which this dear soul is in search is as scarce as water on the great American desert—or in Southern California. So she may know that this is a pretty serious proposition.

Personally I know of no man whom I could recommend in this case. I would not wish to assume such a dangerous responsibility. My whole heart always goes out to the woman who has passed through some sad experience; still I know that it is the best thing that could transpire. It always makes them nobler, grander, purer, sweeter. It fits them, not for the companionship of men, but for holy communion with their own Divine Inner Self, which is the only Soul-mating there is on this earth or any other.

Every so-called sorrow which we attract brings us in closer touch with the Mighty Truths of life. The Divine Self is constantly impressing us with its presence. It craves and appeals for the love we are constantly thrusting upon material things. When we fail to recognize the presence of the God within us, and persistently keep it up, we are thrown into sorrow and grief and misfortune. With our hearts saddened, our thoughts turn to the source when comes all healing balm. Few of us know, at first, whence comes the influence which disturbs our physical consciousness and directs it into other channels far removed from purely physical and material surroundings. But the time comes when we feel and hear the influence and the voice from within calling loudly for

recognition. This Voice is the Ego—the Spirit—the Eternal Living Life.

But there is another voice which we often confuse with the *real* one. This other voice may emanate from two sources, either one of which is not to be depended upon.

There is also within us what is called an Astral entity. In most cases this Astral entity is filled with unsatisfied desires. It longs to be brought in touch with the things and experiences which are alone found on the material plane. Often this Astral entity is filled with sex desire (for it is sexed), with a desire for intoxicating drinks, the use of tobacco, etc., having previously been encased in a physical body addicted to these things, which passed out of this life with these desires still strong and unsatisfied. The sins of the physical body were visited upon the Astral entity, hence with the return of the Astral to another physical body, the latter is filled with the same desires. All this time the Spirit entity is trying to come into manifestation and assert its presence. This creates what we call internal friction. Double demands are made upon us. The Spirit is endeavoring to impress us to do the right thing, while the Astral is leading us into temptation. In time the Spirit masters the situation and drives out every desire for lust and physical relation between the opposite sex. Our whole thoughts are turned to loftier ideas. We are imbued with a longing desire to know whence comes this mighty force which has so changed our lives and brought to us everything that is beautiful, noble and inspiring. We listen and the Spirit voice from within tells us, it is I, be not afraid; and we are not afraid. All fear vanishes and with it all our past desires to mingle with the things which bend and break our bodies and palsy our intellect and dim our eyes. We are born again.

This is the New Birth. This is Judgment Day. We are free—unfettered, unshackled, never again to be bound down to physical slavery.

This is the sort of conversion that converts, and it is the only kind. We never see God except we find It within ourselves. We say "It" because God—the Divine Spirit within us—is sexless.

Our friend who writes the above is still slightly under the dominating in-

fluence of the Astral entity. She is still looking for a physical "soul mate." An unsatisfied desire lingers with her.

I had a case similar to this from Oregon, but I am happy to say that when this woman finally did meet her "soul mate" she at once changed. She is no longer looking for soul mates here on this terrestrial sphere. She found the Real One, and the spirit shines forth with wondrous light which no physical head can dim.

The other influence referred to which often comes to us, is from without—from Astral entities out of the body which are hovering near us and which passed on to the "other side" filled with material desires of not the highest order. These Astral entities try to influence us on every possible occasion. They can be shut out only when we set the highest standard of living and stick to it. They are the devil's emissaries and make a world of trouble for every human being whose character is not constructed on morally positive lines.

Our friend is not much troubled with the entities from without; but the Astral from within is still unsatisfied, hence the demands upon the physical.

The desire to marry is always born of a desire for sex exchange of vibrations—consciously or otherwise, it matters not. The desire is there. In the absence of normal conditions the thing may be offensive to the physical body and consciousness, but just the same there is the longing desire on the part of the Astral, which is sexed just the opposite from the physical body.

Inharmony between the sex—men and women—is, in the majority of cases, the result of inharmony between the Astral entities. Where you find perfect harmony between men and women, you may know that the Astrals are in perfect harmony. These cases are rare—where men and women are ready to die for each other rather than be separated. It is the Astral entities that are making all the trouble.

The above communication has drawn out some things which I have never before discussed in these columns. I would not now except that I feel that many of the readers of this magazine are now ready to hear some things that have never before been presented to them.

Marriage is a mighty dangerous prop-

osition. Some of the Astral entities are still on so low a plane that all that is desired is indulgence in the sex relation, no matter whence comes the opposite, or under what conditions or circumstances. A physical body possessing such an Astral is often tied up to—in marriage—an opposite whose Astral is on a much higher plane. Soon inharmony results. There is no more peace in the household. Under these conditions children are born. Is it any wonder that the race is kept at so low a standard of morals?

But these are questions which courts and judges and lawyers know nothing about, and they apparently do not care to know.

Now, should there be a reader in all the Path-Finder list who feels himself worthy to open correspondence with the writer of the above, the first letter may be forwarded to this office, sealed and enclosed in an envelope addressed to us and we will see that it is promptly forwarded. Then should the lady see fit to favorably consider the writer's desire to correspond further, we, of course, will withdraw as the "middle man."

We will not attempt to fix the standard of the man who desires to interest this woman. She can do this herself. We will say simply that no ordinary physical mortal need apply.

We shall await developments with no little interest.

Just Beginning to Live

DEAR MR. CONABLE:—I am eighty years old and live on and superintend my farm of 160 acres, from lots to fields; look after all the stock, orchards and berry patches; also my household affairs, ordering every meal and helping to cook many of them, and am just beginning to live.

Mrs. HANNAH J. COFFEE.

Isn't that beautiful?—a girl of eighty just beginning to live. Is doing more brain and physical work than ninety per cent. of the young men of the country.

What a lesson this should teach to, not only the youth of the land, but to mature age in every avocation of life.

The postoffice address of Mrs. Coffee is Orion, Ill. She is a constant reader of the Path-Finder, is an ardent admirer of Helen Wilmans, she says, and is in touch with the methods of living, which have been attracted to her in these later years, that are bringing to the surface—into physical manifestation—the Infinite gifts with which Nature has endowed her.

And following close upon the receipt of the above comes the following:

HAVERHILL, MASS., June 7th, 1905.

MR. CONABLE.—*Dear Sir:*—Enclosed please find P. O. money order for \$1.00, for which send me the "Book of the New Century."

If I am what is now supposed to be a very old man, bordering on ninety, it is not to be supposed that I know anything, according to Christian theology, yet I fondly extend to you my sympathy and approval in your work. Whether you remain long in the material or not, your reward is certain to be received by you, and humanity will bless all your undertakings, in the future, if not now.

Yours with much love,

E. B. SARGENT.

It is one of the great joys of my soul to feel and to know that the Path-Finder is a helpful and welcome visitor in the homes of so many who are supposed to have reached approximately the limit of physical growth here on this earth. We have scores of subscribers ranging from seventy to a hundred years. Had we started this magazine a quarter of a century ago, there are thousands we might have bridged over the century mark in perfect physical health.

The average longevity of the fourth generation from this should easily be a hundred years, and there will be great numbers who will live indefinitely.

Never since man first appeared on this planet has there been such a strong desire implanted within him to live and perfect himself in every way. The advent of the modern doctor is responsible for the present dwarfed and sickly condition of the people. Still, in the presence of the systematic poisoning by the

medical fraternity, the race has persistently grown; slowly, 'tis true, but there has been a most perceptible tendency upward.

Both the doctor and the preacher have been a good thing in a sense. They have gone to such extremes with their fallacies and fakeries that the whole people have become suspicious of them. A doubt has been created in the mind of every patron of these false prophets of medicine and religion. With doubt comes a desire to ascertain the truth. Hence we have become a race of investigators. To think for ourselves and investigate intelligently means the ultimate abandonment of everything that has deceived us.

Soon there will not be a single follower or patron of either medicine or the pulpit except those who are born in abject ignorance and are kept in the same state of prostrate growth.

But we must still look for a time for the survival of these institutions of ignorant teaching. There will be a demand for them for some time to come, and the preacher and doctor factories will keep on grinding out messes for the hungry "with which to appease the perverted appetites for bodily and soul salvation that they have not earned for themselves."

The time was when the preacher killed as many "patients" as did the doctor. The former frightened the people to death by consigning them to hell prematurely—before the devil was ready to receive them. The latter simply either poisons or carves them to death. In both cases the Lord is charged up with the crime. At least, that is the verdict of the coroner's jury.

But the people are now beginning to live. More than one-half the population of the New World is today searching for more light on proper methods of living. The first great question that confronts them is, how to get away from the fatalities of the doctors. This brings them to the point where they are impelled to go in search of the truth. What is the result? Simply this, that the outcome of every persistent research brings us up against the one great and successful healer—Nature. The doctors themselves do not trust each other any more. They go to Nature unless they are filled with suicidal intent. With the

doctor gotten rid of the rest is comparatively easy. We soon become strong both physically and mentally. To become strong physically and mentally means that we have a better knowledge of ourselves. To have a better knowledge of ourselves means that we have found the path that leads to truth—to our greater unfoldment along lines whose destiny is the summit of all perfection.

There should be no limit placed upon the longevity of the race. We should be able to superintend a farm of 160 acres at the age of five hundred years as well as at eighty, or at fifty, if you please; or do anything else in the line of our desires and ambition.

We are starting a lot of Path-Finder "century plants." And these century plants will be the fathers and mothers of bi-century growth, and so on. We are going to build a new race that will know nothing about death except what it reads in the long-decayed literature of the dead past, resurrected from the corner-stone depositories of ecclesiastical and other edifices long since razed.

While our eighty and ninety-year friends may not be classed as nursing babes at this period, still they will, as our dear correspondent writes, be "just beginning to live."

A Narrow Escape

A TELEGRAPHIC dispatch from a New Jersey town reads as follows:

"The body of their daughter, apparently lifeless, and with the attending physician's assurance that she had died, Mr. and Mrs. Sampson Blake, the parents of Miss Slossie Blake, set about to prepare for the burial of their only child. Three hours later, as the undertaker was about to put the girl into a shroud, signs of life became apparent, and the physician was hastily summoned. Within an hour the girl was conscious, and spoke to those gathered about her, still feeble, the result of a long illness. Hopes are entertained for her recovery."

Now, what did the parents summon the physician for? Did they want the doctor to kill the child the second time?

He had already disposed of it once—that is, he supposed he had; but the job appears to have been a bungling one, so the child needed further medical attention.

Strange people in this world—that are not satisfied to let a doctor kill them once, but must have the job constantly repeated. Still some people need killing several times before they get any sense.

He Was a Preacher's Son

A YOUNG man showed up at Path-Finder Home recently. He represented himself to be a semi-retired capitalist, who occasionally dabbled in real estate on the side just for amusement. He gave his name as Day and wanted to see the author of the Path-Finder dress reform articles. Day was introduced to the lady. He told her that he was interested in our work out here; that he was the son of a minister; but under such influences his life had been cramped and narrowed and that he desired to grow and expand. He had no sympathy with his father's profession, he stated, as it kept a man's mind clouded over with ignorance and superstition. This was sufficient on Day's part to cause the philanthropist to open her heart at once, together with all the avenues of communication.

The Path-Finder philanthropist had never had any experience in running up against a cold-blooded, sensational newspaper reporter, who was out for fiction and not facts.

This is what Day was, and we are not at all surprised that he is the product of the "froked elect." I have seen more despicable cowards come from this source than from any other. I don't know why it is, but so many of the offspring of gospel jugglers appear to have been conceived between the delivery of laborious sermons, when there was nothing left of the minister worth mentioning. Then he proceeds to "create" something. So it is not surprising, as we said before, that we find the ministerial product engaged in something that a man seeking to make for himself an honest reputation would scorn.

Day represented the Pasadena Daily News, and he supplied that paper with a column principally made up of rank

rot and untruth. There was not the slightest excuse for the deliberate misrepresentations he penned. All the facts could have been ascertained had he desired to deal in facts.

With twenty-five years of newspaper experience, the writer learned that the great bulk of the reading public is not interested in sensational write-ups that are the creations of an irresponsible newspaper reporter. This sort of thing appeals to some people, but not to the class that make good and respectable citizens and are a credit to the community in which they live.

We do not envy Mr. Day his birth-right. We are only sorry that he has been too weak to overcome a hereditary environment.

The Same Thing

HERE is something that was just perpetrated on the editor by a member of the Path-Finder family. If a few weeks of ranch life will work such havoc with normal gray matter, it is out of the question to even venture a suspicion as to where the author will land a year hence.

Here is the overflow:

"Skid—So old Crosby is a miser, is he?"

"Kid—No, I didn't say he was a miser.

"Skid—Didn't you say that he had buried all his money?"

"Kid—No, I said he had put all his money into cemetery lots."

The nucleus of a "new race" seems to be in sight all right.

Short Paths

—Mr. and Mrs. John F. Morgan, formerly of Chicago, are now at Path-Finder Home helping to take care of the fruit. We are going to have a lot of fine fruit to dispose of this fall, and it won't be sulphured either, as is the case with all drying-house fruits.

—Russia has finally won a victory. She succeeded in capturing one of her own ships that was in the hands of a mutinous crew. Too bad that crew was not made up of Americans. Had it been, the last remnant of the Czar's flotilla would have gone to the bottom

before there would have been a surrender.

—God made the climate of Southern California. The real estate liar has done the rest. It is said that God did the whole business in six days. The real estate man is still working over time on his part of the job. Burnell would say that the real estate man is a d— fool for working so hard to create nothing. We trust that no one will place the same estimate on God for creating Burnell.

—Mr. Otto Carque, of Chicago, was a caller at Path-Finder Home recently. Mr. Carque is best known by his writings along pure food lines. His trip to California is in the interest of the manufacture of unfermented wines that can be placed on the market at reasonable prices. Mr. Carque was a most welcome visitor and we hope to see more of him in the future. He may ultimately make California his home.

Mrs. Helen Wilmans and her daughter, Mrs. Powers, have purchased a new home on Kenworth Avenue, in the western portion of the city. The Path-Finder is more than pleased to know that Mrs. Wilmans is leaving Florida permanently and that she has decided to locate in the most progressive city in the world. Her many friends will hear from her after the final settlement of her case, which comes up for hearing in December.

—We are indeed sorry to learn that our good friend, J. Stitt Wilson, attended the lectures at the Los Angeles "Home of Truth" too long. The last seen of J. Stitt before leaving for the North, he was pacing up and down the mountain slopes saying to himself, "I made all these mountains—the rocks and the trees and the birds and the flowers; are they not beautiful and wonderful? And still they are nothing." Close friends of J. Stitt express the opinion that a summer's work in his garden will straighten him out all right. Wilson is too bright a man to go daft over the question of life and growth; and he is too bright and sensible a man to allow any medium to rattle him.

—A few friends gathered at our ranch home July Fourth and assisted in rais-

ing a big edition of "Old Glory." I love the old flag. I marched under the shadow of its folds in '64-5. It has been a close companion ever since. As the gentle winds from sea or mountain bring to view each beautiful star and stripe, I feel to offer up a prayer to the God of Peace for the millions of blessings that have come to me since the fateful and tragic days when I marched with Sherman to the sea. When this particular Old Glory is whipped into shreds, another and another will take its place. Perfect peace hovereth over the spot whence floats this flag.

—The writer has been sleeping out of doors now for several weeks, with most delightful results. Our bed is placed under the branches of an umbrella tree. We selected an umbrella tree so as to keep us sheltered from the rain—should it ever rain again. Still, we have a few fogs about 4 o'clock in the morning that might easily be mistaken for rain. At five a.m. we arise, proceed to the eucalyptus grove in negligee attire and take a few physical exercises. A cold tub bath follows and then we are ready for the day's duties.

—Little five-year-old Josef Johnson is one of the brightest boys we have ever known. He is the son of Mrs. Maud Johnson, who writes for this magazine. The little fellow has been brought up, so far, a strict vegetarian. Accompanied by his nurse, Josef has been spending a few weeks at Long Beach. His mother makes frequent trips to be with him and enjoy the salt-water baths at

this noted resort. Recently the mother was with her son at the beach and the nurse was taking a little outing by herself. The nurse had left a little money with Josef with which to purchase something in the way of cooked food for himself and his mother's luncheon. When the noon hour arrived Josef took his money and his mother by the hand and led her to a relish counter. Here is what followed: Josef said to a waiter: "Well, what have you cooked today?" The waiter named over several articles, among them being beans. "Are your beans cooked with meat?" inquired Josef. "Yes," replied the waiter, "Well, I don't want anything that is cooked with meat," was the young man's response, and started to move on to the next counter. All the waiters smiled and one of them ventured to ask the mother, "Are you people Jews?" The mother simply said no, and passed on. The mother is a gentle woman and is rarely aggressive, but in relating the incident to some friends she said that the thought came to her to tell the attendant that they were not Jews; but were simply Christians. Which is true. They are Christians in every sense of the word. They could be Christians in name only, did they eat of the flesh of other of God's creatures. "I want nothing that is cooked with meat," said little five-year-old Josef. The posterity that will come from such a schooling will be the brains, the enlightenment and the true Christian spirit that will mark the growth and progress of the world.

Dress Reform for Women

By MAUD JOHNSON

SOME women shudder at the very mention of the words "dress reform." They imagine that to reform in dress means the giving up of all that is pretty and attractive. Now the main object in reform along any line should be the attainment of health and its companion, happiness. If one has active work to do one must also consider convenience. For work I have found nothing so satisfactory as the conventional garb worn by men. The trousers,

fitted about the hips, need no support, and, being loose at the bottom, admit air, which knickerbockers will not do. The loose soft shirt gives freedom of movement; and if with this costume a pair of sandals without stockings is worn, one has a costume that comes very close to being comfortable—as much so, at least, as it can be made, unless one discard clothes altogether.

But I acknowledge that there is nothing artistic about men's clothes, and

unless a woman has conquered her desire for fashion and can satisfy her love of beauty with the beauty and strength and glory of her own body she will still crave an opportunity to gratify this desire in the clothes she wears, hence she still demands laces and frills, and ruffles and plaits. It is for this class that I am writing now, and I hope I shall be able to persuade some at least that beauty and comfort can be combined.

Let us take the knickerbocker costume as one pattern. As I said, this costume excludes the air from parts of the body, and, of course, necessitates the wearing of long stockings, still it is such a marked improvement over dresses that it is well worth considering. Imagine, for instance, a costume consisting of black silk knickerbockers, a yellow silk waist, trimmed in rich lace, yellow silk stockings, slippers with black silk bows and silver buckles, or gold buckles set with diamonds if you want to outshine your sisters. You see you can have fashions even in knickerbockers and you will still have a chance to envy one another and to spend considerable time in planning your next season's wardrobe. I once read that men will never be equal until they all dress in uniform, and I believe that is correct. Just as long as women are conscious of the clothes they wear they can never look on those with shabbier clothes as their sisters; just so long will they be hindered in attaining the highest spiritual development. But I am beginning to moralize and am not sticking to the fashions. It is so very easy for me to drift away from that subject, for it has so little attraction for me, but I do want to paint a few more pictures for you.

Now imagine a suit of brown velvet knickerbockers, with brown or tan silk waist, trimmed to suit individual taste, brown lace stockings and brown slippers. Then again, black velvet knickerbockers, a light blue, or pink, waist, and a bolero trimmed in gold or silver braid, gold, and silk embroidered hose. Then for the opera you might have have a suit entirely of white satin—think of it, friends, with satin knickerbockers, and a bolero trimmed in gold or silver braid. There is no end to combinations, no limit to possibilities, every chance to gratify your artistic sense, or your desire for style.

Now I can come back to moralizing with a clear conscience. I have given you some idea of what might be done, and I feel that I cannot close this subject without touching a little upon the effect of clothes upon morals.

I have a letter from a friend who has visited Japan a number of times, in which he speaks of the fact that the Japanese (male and female) bathe together in the nude state and he adds, "their morals are way in advance of all civilized nations, and they are stronger physically than any other people of their size."

Voltaire says: "There are so few well made people of either sex, that nudity may have inspired chasity, or rather, disgust, instead of augmenting desire;" and again, "Is it the instinct of nature to provoke desire by the concealment of that which we are inclined to discover?"

I think it is. It seems to be our nature to desire those things that are just beyond our reach; the things that are close to us, the things that are revealed we do not want. In other words, it is those things that we surround with romance that are attractive to us; when we know facts just as they are the attraction is gone. And it is just so with the body. If we could look upon it just as it is, think of it as the house of the human soul, all passion, all desire, would vanish, just as the fog vanishes before the rising sun. When we have once reached that spiritual height where we can realize that we are one with the great Universe and that human beings are but individual expressions of that one Universal Spirit, then all passion vanishes and we see that clothes are simply a creation of man's finite mind and not at all a part of the Universal plan, and that they are not at all essential; and realizing this we shall endeavor to wear such clothes as will prove of least hindrance to growth of body and enlightenment of soul. Just as long as we wear clothes that restrict and hinder the body, we weaken the body and therefore retard the growth of the soul. Just so long as our mind dwells on the cut and style and make of our clothes, just so long are we closing the avenues to higher, spiritual thought.

I can give you no better thought along this line than to quote the words of

Christ, "Be ye not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. For the life is more than the food, and the body than the raiment." Now, remember that the body is more than the raiment, and when you have once come into the full consciousness of this truth you will find a freedom of soul that you have never known before.

"Consider the lillies, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; yet I say unto you, even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. But if God doth so clothe the grass in the field, which today is and tomorrow is cast into the oven; how much more shall he clothe you, O ye of little faith?" How often this has been read and re-read and re-read and how few have grasped its meaning. How does God clothe the lillies? In their natural dress. They need no protection from the elements, and you will find, too, that the healthier and stronger your body becomes, the less protection you will need from either the heat or cold. And as for beauty; the great soul that said "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these" must also have realized and appreciated the exquisite beauty of the perfect human body.

When one once grasps the idea that clothes are unnecessary for either protection or beauty then one begins to wonder why they are carrying this extra load through life and why they are giving so much time and trouble to making, washing, ironing and mending so utterly useless articles. It is then that you are ready to make your wardrobe as simple as custom will allow. The truth is just this, the less time you spend in thinking what you are going to eat and what you are going to wear, the more time you will have to "seek the Kingdom of God," as Christ puts it in the passage from which I previously quoted; the more time you will have to keep your thoughts on those higher things which alone bring strength, joy, eternal rest, eternal peace. Strive to make your wardrobe so simple that it will not be a burden to you, either physically or spiritually. So simple that it will not cripple your body, or dwarf your soul; so simple that you can unfold and expand and grow. The time will come when you will not care what society wears, nor what your sisters say, you will care only for the great truths within and for a safe and natural plan to evolve them.

Simplicity shall be your guide.

The Evolution of God

Number 6

In this article we purpose turning aside to consider briefly the facts of Ancient History that have come recently to light in relation to Egypt, which country may justly be considered the cradle of Religion,—the very birth-place of our ideas and conceptions concerning God.

But first of all let us recall what was postulated in a former number, that "Nature is the only Book or Bible upon whose magnificent pages the Eternal God has recorded any of the truths concerning Himself which have become known unto men." It is by comparing the facts or phenomena of Nature that we have arrived at our knowledge of the Universe, as well as of the Earth itself, which latter is merely as a speck of dust in relation to the vastness of what we have been accustomed to call

Creation. Through this same method of comparison has come into existence the Science of Geology, which has revealed to us the age of the Earth and the various stages of its growth and evolution, as indicated by the *strata* of matter of which it is composed.

This method of comparison, applied also to other natural objects, has enabled us to understand many things which not very long ago were incomprehensible. For example, as is generally known, we can tell the age of most trees by the number of rings of wood composing their trunks, each individual ring representing a year's growth. In like manner, by measuring the depth of a coral reef we can estimate its age, it being a matter of observation that the tiny coral insects deposit their secretions usually at the proportion of about

two inches of reef a year. Thus it has been found out that—in the Pacific Ocean and elsewhere—there are vast accumulations of coral which have taken at least 250,000 years to form, the inference from this startling fact being that the present condition of the Earth, as to the distribution of land and water upon its surface, has existed for at least that length of time. Such is the kind of knowledge which Science has brought to us, and which little children are now being taught to accept as the Truth of God.

The same process of comparison of recognized facts has been applied to every branch of human learning, in order that we may be able to deduce therefrom the accurate and precise knowledge which alone passes current by the name of Science. In relation to the subject mainly before us, the following extracts from a writer of the highest authority will bear reproducing:

“The comparative historical study of religions is one of the means indispensable to the solution of the difficult problem, *What is Religion?*—the other being the psychological study of man. * * * Religions, like living organisms, have a history, and this is to be studied first, so far as it can be known,—how they rise and spread, grow and fade away. * * * Not only has every religion as a whole, and every religious group, to be compared with others, that we may know in what particular qualities it agrees with or differs from them, and that we may determine its special characteristics, but, before this can be done, comparative study on a much larger scale must precede. * * *

“It need scarcely be said that the basis of the comparative study of religions must be a patient and critical examination of the sources from which the knowledge of the various religions of the world is to be drawn, viz., written documents and traditions, monuments and works of art, sacred writings and heretical books; and, when we wish to inquire into the religions of the uncivilized tribes that have no history at all, an impartial weighing of the evidence brought by travelers and settlers from different parts of the globe, in short, *an unbiased ascertaining of facts.* * *

“There is no difficulty in determining the descent and relationship of re-

ligions which have taken rise in historical times, such as Confucianism, Buddhism, Judaism, Christianity, Mohammedanism, and some others of minor importance. But the great majority of ancient religions had their origin in prehistoric times, of which neither documents nor trustworthy traditions are extant. In that case their mutual relation has to be established by reasoning from myths, ideas, rites, and characteristics common to them.”

In consonance with these scholarly and rational observations we shall now proceed to outline the history of Egypt, as already indicated, and also to deduce therefrom such truths as may bear directly upon the subject which, for some time, has been occupying our attention. Here, however, it must be borne in mind that the Usher Chronology placed the Creation of the world at 4004 before Christ. At this date the first man and woman, Adam and Eve, the supposed progenitors of the human race, were believed to have made their appearance upon the earth, as it were direct from the hand of God. But the actual facts of history which have come to light have changed altogether such beliefs, and have put a wholly different complexion upon the account of the Creation as recorded in the book of Genesis. From a period extending at least to 7500 years B. C., we now know the history of Egypt and its kings, and to a large extent the character, manner of life, occupations, commerce, manufactures, art, culture, religion, etc., of the Egyptian people. So much has Egyptology done for us since A. D. 1880, owing to the discoveries of *papyri*, or written records of Egyptian kings, which have been found in the pyramids as well as in the ancient royal tombs. From this same source we have learned also that the countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa, which were neighbors to Egypt, were at that distant date actually filled with a numerous, thriving and highly civilized population, consisting of various races, totally unlike one another as to features and other physical characteristics.

Indeed, to use the words of another learned author, “Since 1880 the appearance of almost every part of Egyptology has been changed. In the history, the kings who used to be thought mythical are now as well known as those of

later times, and the long prehistoric age is better known than that of any other country. In the Archeology, total ignorance is now replaced by an accurate discrimination of the ages of all the usual manufactures. In the language, the guess-work of earlier times has faded before elaborate grammatical studies, which formulate a great deal more than the Egyptians themselves knew about their own writing."

Our first knowledge of man in Egypt dates from the "Paleolithic Age," at which time that country had a rainy climate. The word "paleolithic" signifies having the marks or characteristics of the rude (*old* or *ancient*) stone age; chipped and not polished." it "refers to the rude workmanship on a stone object and to a local period of time varying in different lands." Roughly prepared axes, arrowheads, etc., mainly of flint, found in *tumuli* and alluvial deposits, are distinctive of this age, which was followed by the "neolithic," or *new* stone age, "whose relics are ground, pecked, or polished stone implements, mingled with the remains of animals, and often found in association with bronze implements."

The period at which the change took place in the climate of Egypt is roughly estimated by the depth of the Nile deposits, which regularly occur each year at the time of the overflow of the river. From records preserved in Egypt for over 3,000 years, it is well known that the rise of the Nile bed through the annual mud-deposits has been at the rate of about 4 inches per century. From the various borings which have been made it has been ascertained that the depth of the Nile mud is only from 25 to 30 feet. "Hence an age of 8,000 to 9,000 years for the cultivable land may be taken as the *minimum*, probably to be somewhat extended by slighter deposits in the earlier times."

For about 5,000 B. C. the history of Egypt has been unbroken; and the prehistoric age of continuous culture antecedent this period is known to cover about 2,000 years more. Hence our *continuous knowledge* of Egypt extends to 7,000 years B. C., or to about the time of the change of climate already mentioned. At that remote date "we find a race of European type starting on a continuous career as owners of the coun-

try, having subdued a *steatopygous* race of 'Bushman' type, known and represented in modelled figures which have been discovered. The conclusion is hardly unavoidable that this *steatopygous* race was that of Paleolithic man in Egypt, especially seeing that the type is also known to exist in the French cave remains. It is noticeable that all the figures known of this race—in France, Malta, and Egypt—are *women*, suggesting that the men were exterminated by the newer people; but the women were kept as *slaves*, and hence were familiar to the pioneers of the European race. These Paleolithic women were broadly built, with deep lumbar curve, great masses of fat on the hips and thighs, with *hair along the lower jaw and over most of the body*."

(The word *steatopygous*, derived from the Greek *stear*, meaning fat or tallow, is used to designate a collection of fat which forms upon the buttocks of some African races, as the Bushmen or Bosjesmans, an aboriginal race, in some respects like the Hottentots, found in the most barren portions of South Africa. These Bushmen are hollow-backed, *fat-buttocked*, have protruding stomachs, and are the most degraded human beings now existing. They have small limbs, and they rarely attain a stature of five feet for the men, or four and a half for the women. See *Enc. Brit.*)

The race of European type which thus took possession of Egypt was slender in form, fair-skinned, and had wavy brown hair. From the shape of the skull, as well as from the peculiarities of their pottery, it is probable that they belonged to the same race which has long inhabited the interior of Algeria, in Northern Africa, not far distant from Egypt. They appear to have taken possession of Egypt as soon as the Nile deposits had rendered the country habitable by an agricultural people. "They already made well-formed pottery by hand, knew copper as a rarity, and were clad in goat-skins. Entering a fertile country, and mixing probably with an earlier race, they made rapid advance in all their products, and in a few generations they had an able civilization. Their work in flint was fine and bold, with more delicate handiwork than that of any other people except their descendants; their stone vases were cut

in the hardest materials with exquisite regularity: their carving of ivory and slate was better than anything which followed for over a thousand years; and *they had a large number of signs in use which were probably the first stages of our alphabet.*" All this, be it understood, is said of a race that lived at a period of 7,000 to 5,000 years B. C.

After several centuries of this culture a change took place in the condition of the Egyptian people,—as it seems, from an admixture of Libyans from Syria and Arabia, from whom probably came the Semitic element which then entered into the Egyptian language. "This later prehistoric people brought in new kinds of pottery and more commerce, which provided gold, silver, and various foreign stones. They also elaborated the art of flint-making to its highest pitch of regularity and beauty (this was the Neolithic Age), and they greatly extended the use of copper and developed the principal tools to full size." But they allowed the use of signs (in writing) almost entirely to disappear.

Both in the earlier and later ages of this civilization, ships or galleys rowed by oars were in common use: "and these were sometimes of large size, figured with sixty oars."—I. e., in monuments. By means of such vessels commerce was already carried on in the Mediterranean Sea—with Italy, Greece, Asia Minor, and probably more distant parts.

Decay had set its mark on this prehistoric civilization when a new people took possession of Egypt. These came apparently from the Red Sea, entering Egypt in the region of Koptos. They were a highly artistic people, as their splendid sculptures now attest: and they brought with them the *hieroglyphic system of writing*, which was subsequently developed with their art. They subdued the various tribes which were in Egypt, and "at least five different types of man are shown on the monuments of their earliest kings. The oldest records are those sculptured on palettes of slate, which show the battles, conquests, and triumphs of the dynastic race."

One of the earliest of these prehistoric kings was Men (Mena and Menes being other forms of the name), who completed the conquest of Egypt, and for this reason was considered to be the founder of the 1st Dynasty. This period, usually supposed fabulous, is now as well known to us as the most of the later dynasties, owing to the study of the inscriptions and remains from the royal tombs of Abydos. The names of the kings of the 1st Dynasty have been fully recovered, and are as follows: Men, Ta, Ath, Mergait, Setui, Merpaba, Shemsu, and Sen, these being the names found on their tombs—or "tomb names." Of the 2nd Dynasty four names are found on tombs, viz., Hotepahuei, Ra Neb, Neteren, and Perabsen, the first three of these kings being named on the back of a figure in the Museum at Cairo.

Of the 3rd Dynasty the step-pyramid of Saqqara is the great monument, which in reality began the series of the pyramids. In the magnificent tombs built by court officials at this period we have a complete picture of the civilization preserved to us; and we find from the same source that the kings of the period received worship and adoration as divine personages or *gods*. The kings of the 4th Dynasty are all recorded on the numerous monuments of this period, which was above all the age of colossal building,—of the pyramids, etc.

Altogether there were thirty Dynasties, who ruled Egypt for thousands of years. It is impossible to determine accurately the duration of the prehistoric age in Egypt. But the 1st Dynasty has been placed as far back as 5,000 years B. C., the 12th at about 3,400 B. C., and the commencement of the 18th has been set down at 1587 B. C. A further space of 4,000 years is believed to have been necessary for the development of the civilization which existed before the 1st Dynasty began its rules. Thus we reasonably get 9,000 years B. C. as the total period which covers our knowledge of Egypt and its people before the Christian Era commenced.

K.



Venice By-the-Sea

By J. NEWTON BUNCH

IT HAS been said that "there is nothing in a name," but this saying is not always true, for through close observation, I am convinced that the name "FELLOWSHIP" carries with it a significance that has a tendency to unite the hearts and minds of THINKERS into a joyous and CREEDLESS band.

The first organization (if such it may be called) of the "FELLOWSHIP" was brought into existence at San Diego, some three years ago under the auspices of Rev. B. Fay Mills, and in less than three short years, the New Thought, which has permeated the minds and hearts of this CREEDLESS body has spread from sea to sea; and today it is harder to find a city or town that does not contain "Fellowshippers" than it is to find those that do.

Less than two years ago Mr. Mills preached his first "Fellowship" sermon in Los Angeles, and today there are over 1200 enrolled upon the secretary's book, and numerically and intellectually the growth of the Fellowship is simply marvelous. I take great pleasure in introducing this lovely body of THINKERS to the Path-finder family, and I will be much pleased to see the paths of ALL advanced THINKERS converge into one grand FELLOWSHIP for the enlightenment of the paths of humanity.

A few months ago, the Los Angeles Fellowship decided to have an outing of genuine camp life, and the time was set for July 1st to September 1st, and the place selected was at Venice of America. It would have been difficult to have made a more convenient selection. Just fourteen miles west of the "Angel City," bordering on the placid waters of the Grand Old Pacific, is that most beautiful, yea (taking its age into consideration) WONDERFUL resort, very properly called "VENICE." I have not the space to describe its location, its magnificent buildings, its Great auditorium, which has a seating capacity of over three thousand five hundred, its canals, its swimming lakes and its camp grounds (the latter as yet are in a rather primitive condition, but thousands of men and teams are fast

revolutionizing the desert, and within a few days it will be in such order as to make it thoroughly enjoyable. But I must not try to tell you about the beauties of Venice, for space will not admit).

Sunday, July 2nd the doors of the great auditorium swung open to the public, and by 10:30 A. M. every seat was occupied, and Rev. B. Fay Mills, dedicated the new tabernacle by delivering one of his great addresses, and I am so confident that the readers of the Path-Finder will be pleased to know of the GROWTH of sacred TRUTH, that we shall give you an outline of that remarkable address which sounds so much like "Path-Finder doctrine that you will join me in the kindred feeling of true "FELLOWSHIP."

The topic of the address was

"THE RELATION OF MODERN SCIENCE AND RELIGION."

Mr. Mills said in part: "We are told by our greatest men that the nineteenth century equalled in discovery and invention and social progress all the preceding centuries of human existence. We learned concerning the universe the great lesson of order. It became not a wonder-world, but a wondrous world, and the basis was laid for a rational faith in law, order and purpose. We learned the lesson of the certainty of development, evolution, progress, and gained standing ground for human hope. We discovered that this is a universe and not a diverse, and the practice of universal brotherhood became the only reasonable method of human existence. We explored the surface of the world and analyzed its constituents until we found that every form of matter might be converted into every other form, and our scientists practically agreed that matter itself was a form of force. We came for the first time to know mankind and human development, tracing human evolution from the lower orders of creation to the most exalted man developing the self-consciousness which revealed to him his kinship with the Divine.

"The discoveries of the twentieth cen-

tury have been yet greater. In less than five years our astronomers have witnessed for the first time the making of a world in the new star in Perseus, and have verified their theories of the growth of the Cosmos, our physicists have found and weighed an atom only one-thousandth part as heavy as the lightest previously known; our biologists have hatched star-fish without fertilization; our chemists have found a substance more marvelous than all else known in the miracle-working radium, and our inventors have sailed beneath the sea, navigated the air and talked hundreds of miles through space. We seem about to silence the Sphinx by answering the old question as to the purpose of existence. All this to me points to a great inspiration for human knowledge, experience and conduct.

* * *

"On one occasion, when invited to deliver an address on a topic to be chosen by the speaker, I was somewhat at a loss to select a subject, when a friend said: 'Why not speak on the inspiration of the moment?' and immediately, although in a different sense from what was in his mind, my topic had come to me.

"The inspiration of the moment"—what a moment! I have no patience with those who tell us that this is a materialistic age. It is an age of glorious preparation for the grandest spiritual manifestation of history. The earth is not so solid as it was. It begins to melt. We are annihilating the physical; the future belongs to the psychologist. It was only yesterday that we girdled the world with iron bands; and now we are piercing it with our vision, and listening with our ears to catch loving whispers a thousand miles away. We seem to be trembling on the verge of a great discovery that shall reveal the old mystery of the incalculable power of human thought and make the universe truly one to the simplest observer. Slowly as yet, but surely, we are perfecting a spiritual philosophy that shall banish disease, that shall destroy death, that shall cause all men everywhere to look, not upon the things that are seen as temporal, but upon the things that are unseen and eternal. It is not inconsistent with what we know of the past, it is not inconsistent with the great revelation of God, to believe that

the world of spirit is about to be more fully revealed unto men.

"The veil between the world of matter and the world of force has grown exceedingly thin—we even begin to suspect that it was never there. We gather up the precious fruitage of the past, we hold fast that which is good and we reach forth to that which is before, all the while emphasizing the fact that truth itself is neither past, present, nor future, but eternal, though progressively apprehended by men.

"The inspiration of the moment, the culmination of the ages, the fruition of religious opportunity! One day becomes a thousand years, one great critical hour struck upon God's clock of time! The inspiration of the moment—man standing erect at last, the conscious master of the physical world, of its destiny and his own. For the first time in the world's history we know that we know, and the greatest thing that we know is this, that we shall yet know more. Victories of infinite significance won for the people and by the people, and the call already sounded to other battles waiting to be won. Cities before us of unexampled beauty with great and growing ideals. Nations realizing the divine call; old Asia awakening from the sleep of cycles; Africa feeling the touch of life; America self-conscious in an hour.

"Universities founded by the people, to be truly 'institutions of learning,' instead of conservators of dead men's theories as in the past.

"A new theology, without fear, without hate, strong in faith, radiant with hope, powerful with love; A new religion, abolishing distinctions, with no hampering tradition, with eyes alight with the glory of the new age that is about to dawn; Narrowness, selfishness, bitterness, meanness, exclusiveness, all to be swept away; millions hungering for the prophet's voice and the reformer's call, and the apostle's organization! Oh, may we not truly say that we have come unto God's kingdom for such a time as this?"

Mr. Mills then proceeded to develop the connection between human progress and a reasonable religion of faith, hope and love, and closed with the following peroration:

"There is only one morality, and that is the morality of the twentieth

century—of truest sympathy. And there has been a greater growth of sympathy in the world in the last century than in all the centuries that preceded it put together. It has abolished slavery; it has prompted us to all sorts of combinations; it has urged us to the benevolence of the time—the kind-heartedness expressing itself in a thousand ways. Listen carefully! Steam always existed, it was always powerful; but men did not always know it, and when they knew it they could not use it. Electricity was always a vital force, perhaps one of the primal forces; but man did not know it and when he knew it he did not know how to use it—he does not know in any large sense how to use it yet. But what did we do with steam? We made our engines and then steam meant something to us; and we made our machines, and the electricity meant something to us; and do you know that we discovered in our time the greatest principle of association, of the unity of man, of the oneness of the universe—let us make engines and machinery for its expression! What shall make available our discovery of human sympathy, our theories of the solidarity of the race, of the essential practical community and the brotherhood of all the universe? What shall do it? It is waiting for expression; it is waiting for your brain and mine to invent the machines to express it—this marvelous moral advance of the past century.

* * *

“And I answer you; a new education; a new industry; a new commerce; and new politics. We have been Benjamin Franklins, and have sent our kites into the heavens for direct revelation regarding human association and conduct and the key held in the hand has flashed with the eternal brilliance and given us a new vision of what the human race was destined to become. Isaiah and John and Plato and Thomas Moore and Philip Sidney are to be justified in the seers of today, who have outlined the new world that is to be builded upon our glorious earth. Anything else is not worth the doing. I will say again—anything else is not worth the doing. This gives us the spiritual machinery for the development of the spirit of the time, and this shall be the new expression of religion—the crowning triumph of humanity; and this century

shall be not so much a climax as an inspiration; it will not be so much a century that has gathered the fruits of the past, as a century that has sown the marvelous seed for the illimitable harvest of the future.

“’Tis coming up the steeps of Time,
And this old world is growing brighter!
We may not see its dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter!

“Our dust may slumber underground
When it awakens, the world in wonder;
But we have felt it gathering 'round!—
We have heard its voice of distant thunder.

’Tis coming! Yes, ’tis coming!

“’Tis coming now, that glorious time
Foretold by seers and sung in story,
For which, when thinking was a crime,
Souls leaped to heaven from scaffolds gory!

“They passed. But lo! the work they wrought,
Now the crowned hopes of centuries blossom!
The lightning of their living thought
Is flashing through us, brain and bosom!

’Tis coming! Yes, ’tis coming.”

She was Modest

A little girl of eight was taken to visit a boy cousin of the same age.

“My dear,” said the little girl’s mother, “I want you to be careful, when playing with your cousin, never let him see you in your chemise.”

A few days after this the little boy knocked at his cousin’s door and was refused admittance. Presently, however, she opened the door and bade him enter.

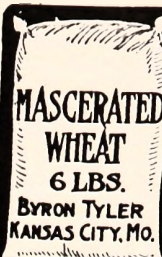
“Why wouldn’t you let me in before?” asked the small boy.

“Because,” she replied frankly, “Mama said I must never let you see me in my chemise. But, now, that I have taken it off, you may come in.”—Lippincott’s Magazine.

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